

ON Friday Lord Alanbrooke relinquishes the appointment of Master Gunner, that very ancient office, and the Royal Regiment of Artillery are entertaining him to a farewell dinner in the headquarters mess at Woolwich.

The Field-Marshal is one of the most extraordinary figures

tears, proofs of "The Turn of the Tide, 1939-43," his study (coming from Collins in February) based on the diary and autobiographical notes of the Field-Marshal.

Alanbrooke began his diary in September, 1939, writing in small leather lock-up memo books—remained stock from W. H. Smith's. As each was complete, he sent it to his wife for safe keeping. He called it "My evening talk with you on paper."

Sir Arthur's eyes must have gleamed when he was first privileged to read that diary. One of the great military documents of our time—yes. But, too, a document of supreme human interest and containing portraits of Churchill, Montgomery, Alexander, and others, that will startle the world.

### Bewelled Highway

ONE reason why we do not get on with building new roads is because we spend so much time and money tilting the old ones.

The teeth of the tax-payer gnash as he watches the prettifying, for instance (and pray spare me other instances!), of the stretch Maidstone, Charing, Canterbury, Dover.

A mile east of Maidstone a very wide, safe stretch of road has suddenly come out in a rash of expensive "road furniture" at a modest intersection. Up the hill from Charing, in addition to the central cats' eyes, rubies have been set in the left-hand kerb at ten-yard intervals with diamonds on the right.

### Fairytale

Just this side of Canterbury, three snug lay-bys, with finely chiselled kerbs, have lately been built into the greensward between two yards apart (purpose

unspecified) and, at the top of Castle Hill at Dover, at a cost of many thousands of pounds, great excavation is going on to turn a sharp corner into a sharp curve.

The object of such fripperies may be to mask our true economic plight from the foreign tourist, but this sort of thing is not confined to the Dover Road.

In the fairytale I describe surely all the Kentish gnomes should be taken off pixie lights, elfin lay-bys, roundabout toadstools and similar fingerbread work and put on to delving a by-pass round Maidstone.

### Retort Courteous

A WEEK or two ago I ignorantly referred to the Political Council of the Junior

Carlton Club as a group of "Young Tories."

"Come and see for yourself" was their kindly rejoinder; and when I gazed around the historic table at which Disraeli formed his Shadow Cabinet, the full extent of my error was made clear to me. Sixteen fine specimens of Conservative manhood, and not a beardless boy among them! (One of my convivial neighbours was, indeed, in his ninety-fifth year.)

The courtesies extended to The Sunday Times by way of my unworthy self reached their climax when the last item on the menu, a magnificent leek pudding in the early Romanesque style, proved to have been named after this

"Ananas Atticus" made

excellent eating. I was glad it wasn't "Ananas."

### Early Maugham

ADMIRERS of Mr. Somerset Maugham who wish to rub the lichen off his earlier career may do so by perusing the bibliography of his works compiled by Mr. Raymond Stott which has just come from Bertram Rota.

The book is rich in secondary information—such as, for instance, that Mr. Maugham's elder brother, Henry Neville Maugham, published a posthumous "Italian romance in the Maurice Hewlett style," and that his grandmother "made a substantial income" from writing novels and children's

books in French, to the number of about seventy."

I learn, too, that Mr. Maugham's lifelong honeymoon with the house of Heinemann had unsteady beginnings. "I am tired of Heinemann," he wrote in 1905, "and if I can help it, I do not want to go to him, as I think his day is over."

### Woolly Prose

BRITISH WOOLLENS, of 6, East 45th Street, New York, say in a full-page "New Yorker" advertisement (cost: £1,000): "Simplest way in the world to determine the excellence of an imported woollen: ask of its ancestry, query its breed, know from whence it comes."

Then ask of its price and to whether you should go to buy it.

### U.N. Soldier

PRESS communications with Suez are chaotic and are likely to remain so. It will thus be some time before a true picture of the United Nations Police Force, as it is today and as it develops, is vouchsafed to us.

Suez is the most distant Swedish military excursion since Bernadotte turned against Napoleon and helped the Allies to victory at Leipzig in 1814, and this is only the second time in Colombia's history—Korea was the first—that her troops have seen foreign service.

The Norwegian unit has the most recent battle experience—from the Low Countries during the last war—but the Danes can invoke a longer military tradition in "police" work. They helped to occupy Paris in 1815.

If anyone thought of belittling these military honours, it is worth noting that during the ninth century the Danish Vikings were "policing" most of England.

### A Chunk of Killarney

I SUPPOSE I should applaud the public spirit of Mr. J. Stuart Robertson, the Florida estate broker who now owns most of Killarney, for his plan to "share Killarney."

He explained early last week that so many of his friends had asked him to let them have "a little bit of Ireland" that he had decided to establish a colony of rich Americans on the shores of the Lower Lake.

Mr. Robertson has already had some experience of sharing estates. Founder-president of the "Social Register Set" residential club in Florida, he was recently advertising its delights in an American magazine. The archi-

tect's drawing showed two of its nine-storey "co-operative flats" on "the magnificent ocean front estate of the late Colonel Robert R. McCormick, of Chicago."

No doubt Mr. Robertson has something more modest in mind for Killarney.

### Double Event

LAST week Alan Moorehead was awarded the £1,000 Sunday Times Book Prize for his "Gallipoli." The same book has since won the first award of the annual Duff Cooper £200 prize for a literary work published in English or French during the past two years. Sir Winston Churchill is to present the award next Wednesday.

Moorehead will spend the prize money on a tour of the African Game Reserves to find material for an attack on the continuing slaughter of wild animals, whether from poisoned arrows or from the safari—now packaged, with trophies assured, by American travel agencies.

### New Historian

Moorehead thinks the idea of a book on Gallipoli must have got into his blood as a boy in Australia, but it was the chance reading of a friend's Gallipoli diary, after the last war, that sharpened his interest in that tragic campaign.

After research in London and a tour of the battlefield, he packed his typewriter and thirty books from the London

Library and retired to the Greek island of Spetses.

"Gallipoli" took seven months to write, and changed Moorehead's life. From being a man of action and one of the world's most outstanding war and foreign correspondents, he has decided to become an historian. When the air has



ALAN MOOREHEAD

cleared of next year's centenary monographs, he will set to work on a history of the Indian Mutiny.

### People and Words

"The peridy of Mr. Dulles over Suez makes Machiavelli look like a saint."

—MR. STANLEY EVANS, M.P.  
"It seems ridiculous to us that the business should continue to maintain that they are militarily insecure, but many infinite obsessions persist throughout our own life."

—MR. BEN PAKKIN, M.P.  
"I am sometimes asked to operate only on days when the stars are favourable to the patient's ready accede to this—it helps to spread the responsibility!"

—MRS. F.R.C.S.  
"Labour must be ready to go to the country unaccompanied."

—MR. J. P. W. MALLABIER, M.P.



LORD ALANBROOKE

of our time. Lord Montgomery has described him as the "greatest soldier, sailor, or airman produced by any country taking part in the last war." "Those on the inside of affairs would assess his contribution to victory as second only to Churchill's," wrote Sir James Grigg, who, as Permanent Secretary and Secretary of State for War, was his official chief throughout the war.

But is the greatness of Alanbrooke generally recognised? Sir Arthur Bryant, for one, doubts it. "The man who saved the Army at Dunkirk and helped to chart the road to victory is better known today as a lecturer on bird films and as ex-President of the Zoo."

### The Book of 1957

Sir Arthur Bryant has changed all that. I have been reading, with fascination, with admiration, with laughter and